# A Dramatic New Film Romance, Replete with Exciting Episodes, Begins on This Page Tomorrow; Don't Miss It



# THE WASHINGTON TIMES MAGAZINE PAGE.



## The Restless Sex

A Romantic Film Drama With

MARION DAVIES

By Robert W. Chambers.

(Continued from Saturday.) "It killed spontaneity, any galety f heart, any incentive in Verne. It embittered him, aged him, strangled him. Look at his work today! Nothing remains except the mechanical technique. Look at the man. Dead in his bathroom. Don't talk

to me about women. "Why didn't he divorce her if he knew of all this she was doing?" MAGAZINE COVERS MISSED HIM.

"He had a little girl to think of. After all, Verne had lived his life. leave the child in decent ignorance of family dissension. • • And that was the matter with Clarence Verne, Cleland. And I tell you that into the heart of every man who has been fool enough to marry, some canker is eating its way. There is not one woman in a million with mind enough and humanity enough to keep her husband's love-not one

> 'Let him alone And he'll come home-

who knows enough to

Not one with the brains, mental resources, wisdom to mate without becoming a parasite. And still, all over the world the asses are sol emnly asking each other, "Is marriage a failure?" Bah! The world makes me very sick!

They went to Verne's funeral a few days later. The widow was very pretty in her dep mourning. Her little girl was with her.

But the affair was not even a nine-days' gossip in the artists Verne had stalked wistfully among them for a few years, but had never been of them since his marriage: He had lived at home in one of the fashionable quarters, al though his studio-and his heart-

were in Chelsea. So his well-known magazine covers were missed more than he was, and people soon ceased discussing him and his fate; and in a nobody remembered whether it had been done with a razor or a revolver. And very few cared.

As for Cleland, he had never known Verne well, and the damnation of his taking off affected him superficially. Besides, busy men have little time to bother about death; and Cleland was now extremely busy with his novel which began to take definite shape

## STEPHANIE ALWAYS IN HIGH SPIRITS.

now saw Stephanie much as usual: and the girl did not seem seriously changed toward him in behavior. Her spirits appeared to he high always; she seemed to be always doing something interesting and delightful, dining out, goving to theaters—though the chrisice was now limited, as many were already closed for the summer-motoring out o the county, taking her dance ing and dramatic lessons, entertain-ing in the studio.

It is true that he seldom or never saw Stephanie alone now, but that seemed acoidental, because he really had been absorbed in his work and she was usually out somewhere or other during the day. But she appeared to be cordial to him-just as full of gay malice and light banter as ever-full of undisguised interest in the progress of his work and delighted with his promise to let her read the manuscript when it was typed and before he submitted

it to any publisher. So all semed to go serenely between them; he resolutely told himself that he had given her up; she did not appear to be aware of anything altered or subdued in his cordiality toward her - apparently missed nothing in his attitude that might once have been to her sig nificant of any deeper feeling.

Yet, once or twice, when a ga; company filled her studio, amid the chatter and music and movedancers, he became aware of her level, gray eyes gravely intent on him-but al-ways the gravity he surprised in them turned to a quick, frank smile when his gaze encountered hers, and she always made him some pretty signal of recognition across the animated scene.

As for Helen, he always got on delightfully with that charming and capable girl. There was something very engaging about she was so lonesome, so energetic. so busy, so agreeable to look at. BLUNDERED INTO COURTYARD.

He had acquired a habit of dropping in on his way out to lunch to watch her working on the sketches and studies for "Aspiration;" but one day she forgot to warn him and he blundered into the courtyard where, on a white circus-horse, a lovely, slender, but rather startling figure hid its face in its hands and desperately attempted to make garment of its loosened hair, while horse's head cried "Shoo!" and Helen bustled him out, a little perturbed

and intensely amused. "I ought to have told you," she "I wouldn't mind, but even professional models object to any body except, occasionally, another

"I'm sorry," he said. "Please tell After you eat-always use

one or two tablets eat like candy

Instantly relieves Heartburn, Bloated Gassy Feeling. Stops indigestion, food souring, repeating, headacheand the many miseries caused by

## Acid-Stomach

EATONIC is the best remedy, it takes the harmful acids and gases right out of the body and, of course, you get well. Tens of thousands wonderfully benefited. Guaranteed to satisfy or money refunded by your own drug-gist. Cost a trifle. Please try it!

#### little Miss Eve that I didn't mean They chatted for a few minutes. then Helen smilingly excused herself and went back to her work, and Cleland continued on his way to lunch, chagrined at his stupidity, "I wonder," he thought, "if that was my little unknown dancing

partner Now, she will think I've spoiled it all. He was in masculine error again. Disconcerted beauty has the con-solation that it is beautiful. Otherwise, it remains merely outraged modesty; and bitterness abides in

Helen, laughingly mentioning the affair to Stephanie, still immensely amused at Cleland's distress and apologetic blushes, added that the model, Marie Cliff, had been sensible enough to appreciate the humor

'You mean," said Stephanie, coldly, "that she didn't care." And, not smiling, went on with her sewing. "She's rather a refined type," said Helen looking curiously at the gira who, bent over her mending, was plying her needle furfously.

Don't you think so, Steve?" I think her typically com-

Stephanie shrugged.

"How odd! She's quite young, and she's really very nice and modest-not the type of person you seem to imagine..."
"I don't like her," interrupted

Stephanie calmly. But her slender fingers were flying, and she had set her teeth in her under lip, which had trembled a little. Helen, chancing to mention Cle-

land that night as they were preparing for bed, was astonished at Stephanie's impatient comment: "Oh, Jim's quite spoiled. I'm rapidly losing interest in that young

"Why?" asked Helen, surprised. "Because he runs about with queer people. No man can do that and not show it in his own man-

"What people, Steve?" "Well, with Lady Button-eyes for one. With your modest and bash-

ful little model, for another." "Does he?" Then she began to laugh. "I'm glad he displays good taste, anyway! The little Cliff girl "Isn't that rather a horrid, and

cynical thing to say?" demanded Stephanie, flushing brightly. EVERYBODY SEEMS AMUSEMENT. "Why? I think she's quite all Let them play together if

they like. It's none of my business. you, the high-priestess of tolfrarec, becoming intolerant?" she added laughingly. "No. I don't care what he does. But I should think he'd prefer to

frivol with one of his own class."
"It's a matter of chance," remarked Helen, brushing out her irly brown hair. "The beggarmaid or Vere-de-Vere-it's all the same to a man if the girl is sufficiently attractive and amusing." "Amusing?" repeated Stephanie. That is a humiliating role--to

amuse a man. "If a girl doesn't, men soon neg-Men go where they are amused. Everybody does. You do.

I do. Why not?" Stephanie, still hotly flushed, shook out her beautiful chestnut hair and began to comb it viciously. "I don't see how a common person can amuse a well-born man," she said.

"It's a reflection on us if we give the opportunity," retorted Helen, laughing. "But if we're not clever enough to hold the men of our own caste, then they'll certainly go elsewhere for their amusement. "And good riddance!"

"But who's to replace them?" "I can get along perfectly without men. "Steve, you're talking like a child

What happens to be the matter with you? Has anything gone wrong?" Absolutely nothingturned sharply; her comb caught in her hair and she jerked it free. Perhaps that accounted for the sudden glint of tears in her gray eyes Helen slipped her arm around her, but the girl's rigid body did not yield and she kept her head obstin-

## STEPHAINE IN A TEMPER.

"Are you getting tired of you diotic bargain with Oswald?" asked Helen, gently. "No, I am not! He never bothers

me—never gets on my nerves— never is unjust—unkind——" "I don't know. . . . Men in general

annov me-men in-general. "None in particular?" It isn't very agreeable to know that one's brother goes about with a shameless dancer from the

"Are you sure he does?" Perfectly. He gives her a party in his studio, too, sometimes." "But there's no harm in-

A party for two! They drink-to-"They drink and dance and eat.

all by themselves! They take up the rugs and turn on the music anddon't know what they do!--d-don't know-I don't-I don't-Her head fell into her hands; she stood rigid, her body shaken by emotions too unhappy, too new, too vague for her youthful analysis. "I-I can't bear to think of him that way-" she stammered, "-he was so straight and clean-so

"Some men drift a little-some-

(Ty Be Continued Tomorrow.) (Copyright, 1917, 1918, by the International Magazine Company.)

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# IS MARRIAGE A SUCCESS?

# Old-Fashioned Kind Of Marriage Success, Famous Artist Says

Howard Chandler Christy, the famous artist, herewith submits his views, based on his own marriage experiences. Mr. Christy has the discerning viewpoint of one who has been married twice himself. He was divorced from the first "Christy Girl" in the spring of 1919, after a long period of differences thrashed out in the Ohio courts. A year ago he married Mrs. Nancy May Palmer, after an acquaintance of eight years. He calls her the "prettiest woman in America." She had posed for his most effective war posters, and her beautiful face became familiar to the public in every drive for war funds. The first Mrs. Christy was Miss Mabelle Thompson. He married her after his return from the Spanish-American war. They have a daughter, Nathalie, who is a senior at Smith College.

#### BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY.

Marriage certainly can't be a failure or we wouldn't be here to talk about it. Our ancestors, in their quiet and sensible way fixed that thing up a long time ago. They put it over us" in fact. They solved their own scheme of things in that way and they provided pretty well for us-much better, probably, than most of us deserve.

The men and women who don't marry live one-sided lives. They are developed and warped in one way or and wife. another. Just watch the men about you. You can tell in the most casual glance whether they are married or not When you see them eating you can spot the married man in one instant. Not that the unmarried man has really bad woman who cared about him.

#### MARRIED MAN THE HAPPIEST.

Sometimes I look around at the bachelors I know. When they reach forty or more they are afraid to marry. care about them, but only care for their money. They have it is worthless. wasted their youth and lost the chief thing which would tions—the last a worthy enough thing in most cases, but it particular alliance. destroys, somehow what should have been the man's very big enterprise of his life falls into foreign hands.

I have been married and I have lived ten years alone undignified thing. and I say from my own experience and from the experience selfish, nor lopsided. A man needs a woman's training and unit of mortal life. a woman's care and the responsibility and joy, in turn, of making her happy and her life complete.

are congenial. They shouldn't marry until they know each parts of himself. He was unhappy. other and until they are sure that their tastes are in

## DISILLUSION AFTER HONEYMOON.

The hasty marriage is guesswork. It may turn out all right, but there is too much against it. Often a couple are infatuated with each other. They marry. They go on a honeymoon. They often find immediately that their essential likes and dislikes are as divergent as if they were of two races. How can you live agreeably with a person whose interests aren't your interests and whose whole conception of life differs radically from yours? It isn't marriage that's a failure—it's wrong combinations that bring so much misery in their wake.

The other day I read in the newspapers of a man that said he couldn't possibly live with one woman more than seven years. He assumed that no one could, and frankly said so. He was a poor piker, that's all, and it was as much his fault as the woman's. If he couldn't keep her interested so that she would develop in these seven years to the extent to which he presumes he has developed, he was a failure as a husband. He probably picked the wrong woman and he proceeded to pick the wrong mode of life

Some speak of a so-called 'modern' marriage where husband and wife live apart and treat each other as if they

## WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Write frankly, briefly and truthfully your views on the problem, "Is Marriage a Success?" If you think it not altogether a success, do not fail to suggest what you think is the remedy, WHAT is the trouble and what could be done. Write in your opinions, experiences and suggestions. Write frankly and fearlessly-your confidence will be respected. No names of writers published except with the writer's

Address your contributions to MARRIAGE EDITOR, The Washington Times, Washington, D. C.



HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, sketching his wife, whom he calls "The most beautiful woman in America." She posed for the female figures in his famous war posters. Christie finds in her an ideal helpmeet.

were just jolly friends. It seems to me as if such people were really afraid to stand the test of real marriage and use this means to cloak their own ineffectuality as husband

Why don't they take the dare and face it out as every real man and woman have done before them?

### HIS DEFENSE OF DIVORCE.

About divorces—the increase in their number is no table manners. But he hasn't adjusted himself to the longer looked upon as a startling nor a shameful thing. niceties, which he would have had under the training of a What could be more shameless or more indecent than two people living together who did not love each other or who did not wish to be kept to the bond? No contract is worth lanything unless you are in sympathy with the person or firms with whom you have made it. Marriage is a contract, If they are wealthy they are afraid that a woman won't the most important one made, and when it loses its meaning

Who are chiefly opposed to divorce? Persons who have made their lives full and happy. And they die and have either never married or have married so happily that leave their wealth to squabbling relatives or public institu- they think it is all marriage that is fine instead of their own

Intrigues I do not believe in. When a man has to seek reason for living. When he should have been building up other women than his wife to make his life happy his marsomething for and with someone he loved, in the end the riage is a failure that ought to be openly acknowledged. This "putting things over," one on the other, is a shabby,

Marriage is the solution of social life. Whatever excep of all my friends that the married man is the happiest, the tions we find are fleeting and few. In practically every most progressive, and the least selfish. You are ordinarily case where a person hasn't married that person regrets it liable to fall into a terrible groove. Your wife jerks you when the years have piled up on him or her and there are out of it. She keeps you awake. You can't get narrow, nor no family ties' to make them feel a cozy and comfortable

My dear friend, the late Charles Frohman, knew that he had made a mistake in never marrying. On many occa-I speak, of course, of the happy marriage where hus- sions he spoke to me of the one big thing he had missed from band and wife are working for each other, living for each life. He regretted it. An artist and genius in his line, he other. The happy man and wife are companions. They has left no wife nor family who should have been integral

Marriage is necessary. It stands as the one feat of civilization which has raised us from the brute to the human being who can merge his life with another's for the well being of both.

### Are Women Going | Do YouKnow Who Are To Allow It?

California husbands for French wives is the latest suggestion of Dr. Paul Carnot, of the Paris faculty of medicine, for solving the problem of France's shortage of males since the war.

According to recent statistics, there are more than 2,000,000 French women who have the barest kind of a chance of marrying, while Argentina, portions of Canada and California are constantly complaining that there are not enough women for wives for their men.

Regarding California, Dr. Carnot said that he had received scores of letters from California asking for information and advice about French wives, but inasmuch as his office was not designed as a matrimonial agency he suggested that the French government investigate the case or establish a bureau to introduce marriageable women.

"The French do not like to emigrate," he said, "and therefore, why not bring American and other grate." husbands here? There would be no great difficulty in doing this, as the whole world admires France, and comforts and wines are always to

## Wearing Suit 50 Years Old

LAWRENCEBURG, Ind .- Robert E. Carver, age sixty-six, a retired tobacco grower and breeder of blooded stock, living in the Petersburg pike, is wearing a homespun suit of clothes that was made for his father, by his grandmother in 1870. The cloth was made of flax spun by his grandmother and the coat is the style of 1870, a long frock, and the trousers have large legs. The suit is in good condi-

# World's Best Sailors

The San Blas Indians occupy the coast and the adjacent islands near the Colombian border, and are among the best natural sailors in the world, many of them going to sea on ships from the Panama canal.

Their coast and islands are said to produce the best cocoanuts in the world. These natural seamen bring large loads of cocoanuts to Cristobal, piled high in their dugout sailboats up the roughest bit of coast on the Caribbean, with the waves laving over the edge, and never lose a nut, Their blood is probably the purest

of any of the American Indians. as no men in the world have guarded their women with more jealous. ly and efficiency than the San Blas In a country everywhere touched with the blood of the West Indian negroes, the San Blas never show the slightest trace of any kind of mixture. Until a few years ago, and it is

still often true, no men other than those of their own tribe were permitted to be ashore on their coast or on their islands after sunset Courtship in the San Blas is a strenuous matter, especially for the nust chase her and catch her in the

## On Being an Audience

for it; unless you can write and the magazines clamor for your work; unless you can paint and your pictures are hung in the salons, be con. tent to be an audience. The power to be interested in others is a a rare gift. If you do not have it, develop it. Let your speech be the punctuation of other men's discourse. listen 'with sympathy and understanding. It is one of the secrets of Mscination in woman and of success in man. David Wark Griffith n September Hearst's.

# When a Girl Marries

An Interesting Story of

EARLY WEDDED LIFE By Ann Lisle.

DAD beginning makes good ending," says the old proverb. I quoted this to my-self earnestly, but it didn't do much

begun so badly.
In addition to the pain of having Jim ignore "my day" there was the other pain of having him fail to tell me his plans. That suggested that he hadn't been willing to risk having me know lest I make a pointment in Uncle Ned. He had impry ignored-without even the grace to say he was sorry—my lit-tle plea that he shouldn't take Jim away on my birthday.

I felt unhappy, disillusioned and

heap-yes, cheap. Then I remembered that Neal and Phoebe had asked me to have din-ner with them in the evening. I could not bear the thought of being the fifth wheel on the wagon, the gooseberry, at my own birthday celebration. Besides, my pride couldn't contemplate any more remarks from Phoebe on the subject of how Neal would never desert her, for business. If these two youngsters had pitied me for being alone the evening before, how they'd despise me when they found me deserted on my birthday!

"You have a little pride of your own, Barbara Anne, to match the famous Harrison variety," I told myself curtly.

Then I swept to the telephone to call Neat. Perhaps if I'd waited until I'd had a bit of breakfast I would have come under the sway of second sober thoughts and would ot have proceeded to perform that silly operation known as cutting off one's nose to spite one's face. But I was at the sort of nervous tension where one doesn't wait. Neal's voice came sleepily back to the over the wire I plunged into the

#### NO REPROACHES. "Am I too early, laddies?" I asked

in an elaborately untroubled voice. I thought I'd call you first thing this morning before you got you plans for the day made. "You woke me up, Babbsie dar-ling, but you don't think I'll re-proach you for that today, do you?" asked Neal. "First off, I want to wish you the kind of birthday you deserve, and that's the happiest ever. Here's every good wish in world for my Babbsie. Get that? No? Wait a minute-here's another

"Oh. Neal!" I cried, "I wish you were here so I could hug you."
"Me, too. That goes double "Me, too. That goes double Babbsie. Tell Jimmie to give you an extra hug for me. Have you decided where we're to go tonight?" I temporized, skimming delicately on the line between falsehoods didn't want to tell and the truth

wouldn't for the world disclose. "You won't go with us? Neal sounded like a hurt child. "If you'll be good sports and let us off," I replied with a lump in

"Of course, if you don't want to come-but we did so want you, "I-we can't. It doesn't fit in with—our plans," I said, even while I wished I could take it all back and much in the world just now as to be with him and have him comfort me.

"Have it your own way, siz Neal's voice was cold and he made no suggestion of seeing me at another time. Nor did Phoebe suggest a substitute engagement when she telephoned and wished me joy half an hour later.

The morning mail brought letters from Father Andrew and some of my friends out at home. In Father Andrew's letter was the most exquisite, cobwebby real lace handkerchief imaginable. His love gave me a moment's joy and comfort, but it didn't last.

## THE END OF A LONG DAY.

Suddenly, when my loneliness and eeling of being stepchild-left-outin the cold became unendurable, I bethought myself of Aunt Molliealone and deserted, too. So I telephoned, with the pleasant anticipation of telling that dear, sane, motherly soul my troubles and so having them brushed away. A strange voice replied when I got her apart-

"Mrs. Pettingill?" It said. "She's gone away for an automobile trip with Mr. and Mrs. Cosby and some young ladies staying here. This is the chambermaid, ma'am—Mrs. Pettingill said I was to take any message, or ask folks to leave word with the maid at Mr. Lane Cosby's. So they'd left me out, too. My

heart sank as I reflected sadly that must be a completely unlovable individual-for no one wanted me Toward evening of the lonelies day I've ever worried through a big jeweller's box came. I opened it with a trembling anticipation and found a card which read:

"With love to our darling sister Babbsie. We wish her only half that joy she deserves because that's about all one mortal could endure And we send her the beginnings of a gift we're going to conclude happily pretty soon.
"PHOEBE and NEAL."

The box revealed brush, comb and mirror of equisite French enamel in a marvelous shade of pinkish orchid. Beauty and love were here, and I held them to my heart in dumb yearning to have them comfort me and make me happy. But they left me cold. little clock chimed 6-the

cruel day was almost over. Then another ring sounded. It was the telephone, which had been perversely silent all day, when longed for any company-even the sound of a voice over the wire. "Mrs. Harrison?" asked the opera-

tor. "Hold the wire, please. Long distance wants you. Hold the wire An indistinguishable blur sound-

ed. Then a "Go ahead!"
"That you, Anne? That you, dear?" asked the voice I loved best ing out from the gray retreat and

heart. (To Be Continued.)

stance, have you ever tried putting

raisins into your poultry stuffing?

The Swedish people make a poultry stuffing which is highly desirable.

SWEDISH POULTRY STUFFING.

Four a four-pound chicken soak

a measuring cup and a half of dry

read crumbs in some fresh sweet

milk-just enough to moisten. Then

add a quarter cup of clean seeded

raisins, a few gratings of onion

and just a speck of grounded mace.

Salt and pepper may be added to

taste, and if desired a tablespoon

of finely chopped parsley. One-

fourth of a cup of melted butter

I have had a boned shoulder of

lamb stuffed with this same stuff-

ing and it is a decidedly pleasant

change from the regulation stuff-

raisins into your apple sauce

just a little lemon juice and served

as a fruit course at breakfast or as

a simple dessert. This same mix-

ture may be incorporated into a

add sufficient cracker crumbs to

give the desired stiffness to the

morsels of food-nuts. Nuts. by

the way, are a substitute for meat,

And planning tasty, desirable sub-

stitutes for meat is undoubtedly one

of the bugbears of housekeeping

average person in moderate circum-

Yet, physicians agree that

In the case of pie it is well to

Then we have those delicious

introducing nice,

sweetening.

stewed with

should be mixed in.

oatmeal

Raisins may be

ings.

## Raisins and

By Loretto C. Lynch. 66T HOSE horrid old nuts and raisins," sighed Mrs. Incan't eat them. They give me the worst kind of indigestion. I have to laugh every time I read an article advising folks to use more nuts

and raisins." Ever hear anyone talk that way? Of course you have. And the sad part of it is, that somewhere, perhaps in our subconscious minds, are inclined to agree with folks that make such remarks about these lovely articles of food. But, the question is, when do they eat these articles of diet?

Like the days when meals used to ake a day to prepare and several hours to serve-like the times when every occasion was an excust to overload one's unoffending stomach with "reffreshments," even if it were long after midnight-so, also, the idea of serving nuts and raisins at the end of a substantial meal has

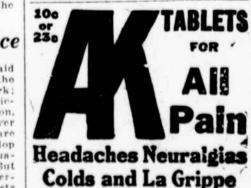
## CONTAIN MUCH NUTRIMENT.

To begin with, both nuts and raisins are highly concentrated, very nourishing food. Nuts give the body oil to keep it warm and lubri cated, so to speak, and they give it valuable material from which to re pair the wornout tissue and build up fresh, new, strong muscles and nerves and all the other tissue con nected with that wonderful things the human body.

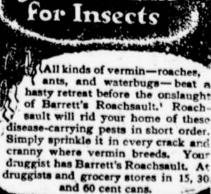
Raisins give lots of concentrated energy. Sort of bottled up sunshine which, when taken in give it the power to do work. And both nuts and raisins have those desirable minerals which help to build bone and also act as a tonic

upon the body. But, both nuts and raisins have o be properly introduced into the diet in order to have the best ef-The complaint that these cause indigestion is usually because they are taken at the wrong time

from a dietetic standpoint. There are so many wonderful vays of introducing nuts and raisins into the diet as part of the



## stances cats too much meat Although there is a steady mand for long human hair, the short clippings from men's heads have no he Dead Lin



Barrett's